

To the Loring Club, San Francisco.

**DANCE OF GNOMES.**

E. A. Mac Dowell Op. 41 No 2.

Fast, short and decisive.

**TENOR I & II.** *pp.*

Ha, ha, ha, From the sha-dow,

**BASS I & II.**

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

*f*

Through the moonlight, In the forest's Deepest glades Dain - - ty dan - ces

*pp*

Oft - en have we, Dain-ty dances Oft-en have we, In the mid-nights

Bal-my shades, From the shadow, Through the moonlight, In the forest's

Deepest glades In the mid-nights Balm-y shades.

Flow-er fairies, Proud frail mockers, Call us  
Ha, ha, in--

ug - - - ly, Hair - - y imps,  
- crease Ha, ha, Ha, ha, Ha, ha, Could we

snare ye In our cir-cle

Could we catch ye With our mag - ie, Could we catch ye

Ha! Could we catch ye With our ma - gie,  
Could we catch ye With our mag - ie, Could we catch ye

Ha!

With our mag - ie *p.*

Could we catch ye  
With our mag - ie, Then gay flaunters Would we teach ye How all true love  
Could we catch ye

Conquers kind, Our long beards And "ug - - ly" nod - dles

Would be lovely To your mind, Would be love-ly To your mind.

Ha! laugh on ye willful hussies, Play your pranks On oth - er guys!

While the moon - beams

*broad. p.*Play your pranks On oth-er guys! (*Humming*)

Light our gam - - bols

Can

Ha, ha, ha, ha,

*dim-*

we live With - - out your eyes. With -

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

*pp**-in - - ish.....**ff*

- - out your eyes. Mockers call us Ug - ly, ug - ly,

ha, ha, ha, ha Mockers call us Imps!

*fz.*

ug - ly, ug - ly, ug - ly, ug - ly, Ug - ly, hairy imps!